

Woman's Page

Fur Collar or Scarf for Seashore or Mountain Wear During Summer—One Lace Shoe the Latest in Footwear—Money-saving Discoveries—To Keep Ties Wearable—To Tempt the Spring Appetite—Four Excellent Recipes.



This will take up any minute pieces of glass that the brush passes over. A rubber hot water bottle that leaks should not be discarded, for it can be filled with sand or anything similar, heated in the oven, and used in the ordinary way. It will retain the heat for a long while.

Unless ties are hung they become creased and unwearable quickly. If you have cupboards in your bedroom, make use of the doors as well as the space. Stretch pieces of tape across the inside of the doors, and when you take a tie off hang it over the tape. In this way ties can be kept in good condition for months.

To keep furs in good condition throughout the summer months, sew them up in newspaper, and put them in a box lined with newspaper with a tightly fitting lid. Moths have a great objection to printers' ink. Newspaper is quite the best thing to use. On no account use white tissue paper; it contains alum, which is injurious to fur.

TO TEMPT THE SPRING APPETITE

Canape of Anchovies—Get a bottle of good anchovies from the delicatessen shop, those preserved in oil. Pour them in a colander, rinse them once and drain. Then dip one large sprig of parsley into boiling water, drain and chop finely; mix with it three tablespoonsful of fresh olive oil and pour over the anchovies. Prepare white bread in the oval shape, toast it, spread each one with the bottled canape sauce, and arrange the anchovies on top, with a dust of cayenne and a few drops of lemon juice for each slice. Serve on a dish with water cross and slices of lemon.

Tomato Scramble—Melt one-half tablespoonful of butter in the blazer and add one tablespoonful of grated onion; cook three minutes, then put in one cupful of canned tomatoes drained of juice, cayenne, sugar and salt to taste; cover and cook about ten minutes. Then put in four well beaten eggs, scraping them from the pan as fast as they cook; stop the cooking when the eggs are still sufficiently soft. Serve on hot buttered toast.

Rum Omelet—Prepare eggs as for a French omelet—beating the whites and yolks together. Have the blazer hot, though not scorching; pour in the eggs, leaving out pepper with the seasoning. When it is done—sprinkle it with sugar, fold it over and slip it on a hot plate; put more sugar on, and pour over rum, setting this on fire immediately with a match, and serving the omelet as soon as the blaze has died down. As the fire cooks the eggs still more, the omelet will be spoiled if it is overdone when the rum is put on. Toast goes with the dish.

Lobster a la Newberg—Either canned or fresh lobster may be used for this standard dish, which is excellent for a late supper. Place a pint can of lobster meat, or the same quantity of boiled fresh lobster, chopped finely, over the fire; add one ounce of butter, salt and cayenne to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of canned truffles, finely cut, if these are procurable. Stir three minutes and then put in four tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, cooking six minutes after this is in. Then mix the yolks of two eggs with a half pint of

WHO PAYS?

Story No. 4
The Love Liars
By EDWIN BLISS

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CONTINUED FROM YESTERDAY.

With her head resting upon his chest he murmured words which thundered back to the millionaire behind the pillar, killing something inside the very soul of the man, even as it quickened the life in his body.

Suddenly Selma drew away, crouching, fearful, as she regarded the man toward whom she had gone in her hour of weakness. Dwight leaned forward the better to listen. Her voice was broken, wild with a passionate despair as it rang in his ears.

"No—No—You must not. You must go. I will—I must be true to him while he lives. You must go—you must—"

David Dwight turned quickly and groped his way back to the house. In the hall he paused uncertainly, his hand upon the knob of the library door as though he had just come from there. Selma entered and he called softly, tenderly to her, putting his arm about her, kissing her tenderly, even as he reached out and clasped the hand of Dr. Holland, who came in immediately after her.

Slowly the pair moved up the stairs and David Dwight watched them from beside the library door. He was cold now. Something had died within him. He frowned, a bit puzzled at the effort at identification. He had it—it was his soul that had been killed. That was why he had laughed inwardly as he placed his arms where those of Holland had been but a scant few moments before, as he felt the instinctive shrinking away of the woman he had married. That was why he had been so gleeful as Holland's hand returned no pressure to his own.

With a murdered soul David Dwight found hatred had become joy.

tion in his household. Yes, were he in Holland's place he would probably see to it that his rival did not live long. What had ailed the doctor that he had postponed the act this length of time?

He closed his eyes, a curious, little smile playing about the corners of his lips as he imagined the way those words had rang in the physician's ears, tempting him against all the ethics of manhood and of his professional duty as a cloak to gain the physical desire of the man.

He could picture the physician as his hands ran across the drugs in his well stocked dispensary, the health-giving drugs he must use to treat the patient he hated, how they would pause at the poisons, and how the words of Selma would ring in his ears at those moments! "While he lives I shall be true to him." The millionaire chuckled at the torture he realized had been the physician's.

He sat there all through the day, waiting for the hour in which he intended showing his hand. From the book and bottle he had chanced upon in Holland's laboratory he was convinced that he was acting barely in time, too. And what he would tell Selma this evening would frighten her into informing Holland, who would be afraid of proceeding further.

Impatiently he looked at his watch. The time had dragged terribly, the hour before the guests arrived for the banquet, the hour immediately before which he intended un-nerving his wife so the feast would be torment to her. Slowly he rose, pausing a moment to compose his expression into the one of tender solicitude he had used as a mask for a long time now. He moved up the stairs, light as a boy, tapping softly at his wife's door and dismissing the maid with a nod. She submitted to his caresses wearily, the fresh beauty of her a trifle drooping.

He had intended speaking a few commonplace first but as his eyes



The Bride Carressing the Husband She Does Not Love.

But how to intensify that joy? Long he sat in his library pondering the problem.

V.

As Dwight looked about the laboratory and in the bed room for Dr. Holland he was a bit disappointed to find the young man out.

His jealous hatred had grown to such an abnormal extent that he dreaded losing sight of either of the guilty pair for one moment, lest they had fled the agony they were enduring. And today he proposed finally showing his hand, on this first wedding anniversary of his marriage.

He had not quite decided what humiliation he would heap upon Holland. Selma's was already arranged, a humiliation that lacked nothing of refinement and dignity, courteous cruelty. He smiled as he tapped his coat pocket where a jeweler's little box lay, which was to be his present to her.

As he started to leave the room, the title, Toxicology, seemed fairly to leap from the cover of the opened book lying amid the table litter and strike him between the eyes. He picked it up curiously, turning it over in his hands, reading fragments here and there at the place where it had been opened. Then he saw the little vial with the red skull and cross-bones on its label that had rested beside the book.

A greyish shadow turned his healthy color to a dull leaden compromise of hue, as he slowly replaced the little bottle. For a moment he stood there undecided, then, with a shrug of his shoulders turned and closed the door softly behind him.

"While he lives—I shall be true to him." That was what Selma had said that night in the garden when he had seen her abjure the love she admittedly desired. "While he lives"

Dwight resumed his library chair, pondering this new phase of the situation.

look in the drooping lines about her mouth, the haggard lines about the eyes and realized what had put them there, he could not trust his self-control. She opened the box wearily, trying to simulate a delight at the present which she knew she could not feel. Once she looked up and caught his eyes upon her eager, cruel, gloating.

Her fingers trembled as, instead of a bit of jewelry, she found a crumpled note, opening it slowly. She did not tremble, did not cry out as again she lifted her eyes to Dwight's, after reading the letter from a charlatan, telling her that her fortune had been wiped away. Her dulled brain refused to work, her aching heart refused to regard the question of where he obtained possession of that note as of any importance.

He motioned her to pick up the card that remained in the box and she turned it over and over in her hand. "A reminder from your husband that you lied to him and that you have only served the first year of a long sentence." She read it aloud the second time. Then her lips parroted the words slowly, as would a child learning his lesson. And gradually the threat dawned upon her and she looked hurriedly about her as though seeking some means of escape.

That note from Lee—He knew that she had married him for his money. But what else did he know, this man of superlative cruelty? Did he know of Holland?

She controlled herself with an effort, taking a lesson from the restraint exhibited by this man of iron and of breeding. Her mind was working rapidly now. The poison of self-indulgence and the instruments she had used in the taking were snatched from her and destroyed. She was being paid for the bill now. Would she pay?

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

See this story, "Who Pays," in pictures, at the Isis every Tuesday and Wednesday.

Advertisement.

ROCKEFELLER ON WITNESS STAND

Washington, May 20.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr., took the stand late this afternoon before the United States commission on industrial relations, after waiting around the hotel three days. Sparks began to fly at once.

Mr. Rockefeller insisted on reading a prepared statement of his position regarding the Colorado strike, despite Chairman Walsh's efforts to head him off. The performance was not at

all to the liking of Chairman Walsh. He indignantly kept Mr. Rockefeller half an hour beyond the regular hour for adjournment and made a vigorous attempt to put him through the third degree.

Mr. Rockefeller produced the statement as soon as he took the stand. "I should like to read this," he said.

"Not yet, Mr. Rockefeller," said the chairman. "There are some questions I want to ask you, to establish the identity of some gentlemen mentioned in the correspondence you have submitted to the commission. Who is Mr. Bowers?"

On Personal Staff.
"Mr. Bowers was chairman of the board of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company and treasurer until the early part of this year," replied Mr. Rockefeller. "He resigned to come on the personal staff."

"Is he on it now?"
"Yes, sir. Mr. Chairman, just a word, if you will allow me. In ask-

ing for permission to read this statement I ask only the privilege accorded other witnesses."

"But I would like to have light on these other matters," said Chairman Walsh abruptly.

"Yes, but—"

"Oh, well, go ahead," said the chairman. "This is the time I wanted the information I asked for, but if you would rather read the statement now you may go on."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Rockefeller.

Tells of Ammons's Letter.

After his general statement, Mr. Rockefeller read another in reply to allegations that he had exercised a "personal influence" that extended even to the state house at Denver and presumed to dictate letters that went to the president of the United States and to the governors of states over the signatures of the governor of Colorado.

"The facts," Mr. Rockefeller said, "are these. Last May Governor Ammons sent Major E. J. Boughton, adjutant general of Colorado, to New York. I never met Major Boughton, but he met one of my associates and later Mr. Lee. Major Boughton said that Governor Ammons had been concerned over the misunderstanding which seemed to prevail in the east over certain phases of the strike. Mr. Boughton, as the governor's representative, called on numerous people and invited suggestions as to how the governor's position and the attitude of the state might more effectively be brought to public notice. Mr. Lee suggested that one method would be for the governor to write a letter to the president of the United States and another to his fellow governors of other states, setting forth the situation as Governor Ammons saw it."

Major Boughton stated that he could not tell how the governor would regard such a situation and that even he himself would have to convey the suggestion to Governor Ammons through General Chase. Major Boughton suggested that perhaps a statement addressed to the public would be better. To get the matter into shape for his further consideration, Major Boughton suggested that Mr. Lee make his ideas concrete by preparing a draft of the kind of statement or letter he had in mind.

As a basis for such a draft Major Boughton sent to Mr. Lee a memorandum of his own views of the situation. "The memorandum written by me and referred to in one of my letters as having been sent by me to Mr. Lee was nothing more than a rough draft of a statement concerning the Colorado situation which I had drawn up in answer to statements which had appeared in the press, but had never been used. A copy of this memorandum, which, as I wrote Mr. Lee on June 10, 1914, was incomplete and only suggestive, was given to the press some weeks ago. In reference to Mr. Lee's suggestion it occurred to me that this memorandum contained material which Mr. Lee might find helpful in that connection."

"Personally I have never seen a copy of the draft which was sent. Major Boughton has since advised Mr. Lee that he went no further with the suggestions and that neither General Chase nor Governor Ammons ever knew that such suggestions had been made."

Letters submitted to the commission by Mr. Rockefeller include considerable correspondence, bearing on the strike, between himself and L. M. Bowers, who was chairman of the executive department of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company.

Bowers's Letter.

In a letter dated October 3, 1913, to Mr. Rockefeller at New York, Mr. Bowers, referring to the coal strike, said:

"With the exception of a few small operators who have no funds to fight with, and who expect to reap a rich harvest from high prices, all of the coal operators are a unit, and under no conditions whatever will they submit to the dictation of the United Mine Workers of America. Unfortunately, Secretary of Labor Wilson, appointed by the president, was secretary of the union, and all of his associates in official positions in his department have been officers or were employees of the union, which to my mind bespeaks a rough road ahead for our industrial enterprises during the present administration."

On October 11, 1913, Mr. Bowers wrote:

"It is now proven that Winchester rifles in large numbers, and revolvers with large quantities of ammunition are being supplied to the sluggers whom these men have brought in from other states, together with the blood-thirsty Greeks who have just returned from the Turkish war. We also find

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that Theibert Stewart, representing Commissioner of Labor Wilson, has been for years connected with labor unions. He came here under false colors, representing himself as being appointed as mediator.

Criticizes Wilson.

"When this government places in the cabinet men like Commissioner of Labor Wilson, who was for many years secretary of the United Mine Workers of America, which has been one of the unions that permitted more disorder and bloodshed than any class of labor organizations in this country, we are not skating upon thin ice, but we are on top of a volcano."

In another letter to Mr. Rockefeller, dated November 28, 1913, Mr. Bowers, referring to a visit of Secretary of Labor Wilson to the Colorado strike zone, said:

"I will inclose herein or forward to you later in the day, copies of President Wilson's reply to my letter of November 8 and my answer to all of the points he raised. You will notice in his letter that he dodged all the essentials, excusing himself in a way that men usually take when they have the worst of the argument, and he falls back onto arbitration law and the spirit of the times."

Shifting Public Mind.

"I have never known the public mind to shift with the rapidity that it has during the past ten days and since Secretary Wilson's anarchistic address at Seattle. Hundreds of thinking men who have been practically neutral in this coal strike now are outspoken when they see the trend toward the closing of the open shop and domination by labor unions in all industries of this country. They have become alarmed as they learn the facts in regard to this coal miners' strike, unquestionably called by the approval of Secretary Wilson, who together with men high up in labor union ranks are making this coal miners' strike a test case, which, if successful, will warrant a national campaign to force the closing of open shops throughout the country during Secretary Wilson's retention in President Wilson's cabinet. My reference to this matter being a national issue in my letter to President Wilson was to give him a hint that any such attempt on the part of the department of labor supporting labor union leaders in this movement would not be tolerated by the American people."

"We are satisfied, all of us, that since the receipt of our letters by President Wilson and your reply to Secretary Wilson's telegram, the latter has been prompted to labor for any sort of a compromise to which we shall never consent."

Rockefeller to Bowers.

On December 8, 1913, Mr. Rockefeller wrote to Mr. Bowers expressing regret that he was not feeling well in view of the strain upon him by the strike, and said:

"You are fighting a good fight, which is not only in the interest of your own company, but of the other companies of Colorado and the business interests of the entire country and of the laboring classes quite as much. I feel hopeful that the worst is over and that the situation will improve."

prove daily."

In April, 1914, Mr. Rockefeller wrote Mr. Bowers as follows:

"It may be that it will be worth while to consider the establishment, in connection with the steel mills at not in the mining camps, of a Young Men's Christian association under the management of the industrial department."

"We have already lost in three months, as you will see by our March report, \$244,351.15, which will reach \$1,000,000 by the end of our fiscal year, and besides this an entire year's profits are lost."

Walsh Interrupts.

While Mr. Rockefeller was reading his statement, he was interrupted several times by Chairman Walsh. The chairman was interested in the price of coal in Denver. According to a statement prepared for Mr. Rockefeller by President Welborn of the Colorado Fuel & Iron company, the strike cut down the coal supply. In order to supply the Denver retail trade, the company bought coal from Wyoming, which Mr. Welborn said, cost \$150 a ton more. When the company's own stock in Denver was exhausted November 15, the Wyoming coal was furnished customers at the increased price.

"I understand it," said Chairman Walsh, "you had coal of your own on hand in Denver until the weather got cold, November 15, and then the price went up."

"It went up because it cost us more to get it," said Mr. Rockefeller. "I have another letter, not included in this statement, on the price of the coal."

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ARTILLERY DUELS

ON WESTERN FRONT

Paris, May 20, 10:34 p. m.—The official communication issued by the war office tonight says:

Between Nieuport and Arras the ground remains water-soaked and impracticable. Today was marked by a spirited artillery engagement, during the course of which two German aviators were shot down, one by the British artillery and one by our guns.

In Champagne, near Beausejour, we have advanced by mining as far as the enemy's trenches, contact with which we are maintaining.

In the Arzonne, at Bagatelle, we have repulsed an attack in the Alsty wood, have taken several trenches, captured some prisoners and consolidated the ground gained.

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